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Artemisa to Cloe.

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L E T T E R
F R O M
A L A D Y
I N T H E
T O V V N,
T O
A L A D Y
I N T H E
C O U N T R Y;
C O N C E R N I N G
The Loves
O F T H E
T O V V N:

B Y
A P E R S O N of Q U A L I T Y.

L O N D O N,

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Artemisa to Cloe.

CLOE in VERSE by your Command I Write,
 Shortly you'll bid me ride a-stride and Fight;
 Such Talents better with our SEX agree,
 Than lofty flights of dangerous Poetry.

Amongst the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
 (At least they pass'd for such before they writ:)
 How many bold Adventurers for the Baies,
 Proudly designing large Returns of Praise.
 Who durst that Stormy Path-less World Explore,
 Were soon toss'd back and wrackt on the dull Shore,
 Broke of that little Stock they had before? }
 How would a Womans tottering Bark be toss'd,
 Where stoutest Ships, the Men of War are lost.
 When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
 And my own self I gravely thus advise:
 Dear *Artemisa* Poetry's a Snare,
Bedlam has many Mansions, have a Care:
 Your Muse directs you, makes your Reader sad;
 You fancy y'are inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
 Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
 To make your self the Fiddle of the Town:
 To find th' ill-humour'd Pleasure at their need,
 Scorn'd if you fail, and Curs'd if you succeed.
 Yet like an arrant Woman, as I am, }
 No sooner well convinc'd, Writing's a shame;
 That Whore is scarce a more reproachful Name }
 Than Poetess! ———

As Men that Marry, or as Maids that Woo,
 'Cause 'tis the very worst thing they can do:
 Pleas'd with the Contradiction and the Sin;
 Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

You expect to hear at least, what Loves have past
 In this lewd Town, since you and I met last;
 What Change hath hapned of Intrigues, and whether
 The old Ones last; or who and who's together:

But how, my Dearest *Cloe*, shall I set
 My Pen to write, what I would fain forget?
 Or name that lost thing *LOVE*, without a Tear,
 Since so Debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here.
LOVE! the most Generous Passion of the Mind,
 The softest Refuge Innocence can find:
 The safe Director of unguided Youth,
 Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth.
 That Cordial Drop Heaven in our Cup has thrown,
 To make the Nauseous Draught of Life go down:
 On which one onely Blessing, God might Raise
 In Lands of Atheists Subsidies of Praise.
 For none did ere so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and bless'd his Power in Love.
 This onely Joy, for which poor we were made
 Is grown like Play to be an arrant Trade:
 The Rooks creep in; and it has got of late
 As many little Cheats and Tricks as that.
 But what yet more a Womans Heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carried on by our own Sex:
 Our silly Sex, who born like Monarchs, Free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner Liberty,
 And hate Restraint, tho' but from Infamy.
 They call what ever is not Common, Nice,
 And deaf to Natures Rules and Loves Advice,
 Forsake the Pleasures, to pursue the Vice.
 To an exact Perfection they have wrought,
 The Action Love, the Passion is forgot:
 'Tis below Wit they'll tell you to Admire,
 And ev'n without approving, they Desire:
 Their private wish obey the publick Voice,
 'Twixt good and bad Whimsy decides, not Choice
 Fashions grow up so fast, at Forms they strike,
 They know what they would have, not what they like.
B——is a Beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that Degree
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see.
 Where I was Visiting the other Night,
 Comes a Fair Lady with her humble Knight:
 Who had prevail'd on her by her own Skill,
 At his Request, tho' much against his Will.
 To come to *London*——
 As the Coach Stopp'd, we heard her Voice more loud
 Than a Great-belly'd Woman's in a Croud:
 Telling her Knight that her Affairs require,
 He for some Hours Obsequiously retire.

I think

(3)

I think she was asham'd to have him seen,
 (Hard Fate of Husbands) the Gallant had been,
 Though a diseas'd hard-favour'd Fool brought in. }
 Dispatch, says She, your Business you pretend,
 That beastly Visit to the drunken Friend :
 A Bottle ever makes you look so fine,
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine :
 Your Country drinking Breath's enough to kill
 Sowr Ale corrected with a Lemmon-Pill ;
 Prithee farewell, we'll meet agen a-non,
 The necessary Thing bows, and is gon :
 She flies up Stairs, and all the hast does show,
 That fifty Antick Postures will allow :
 And then bursts out, Dear Madam, am not I
 The alter'dst Creature breathing, let me die ;
 I find my self ridiculously grown
Embarra'sè with being out of Town.
 Rude and untaught, like any Indian Queen,
 My Country-nakedness is strangely seen.
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the State ;
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late ?
 When I was Married, Fools were Al-a-mode,
 The Men of Wit were then held Incommode :
 Slow of Belief, and fickle in Desire,
 Who e're they'll be perswaded, must enquire ; }
 As if they came to spy, not to admire.
 With searching Wisdom, fatal to their Ease,
 They'll still find out, why what may, should not please :
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, if we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are :
 And if we hide our Frailties from their Sights,
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites.
 They little guess who at our Arts are griev'd,
 The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd,
 Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow,
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know }
 What being known creates their certain Woe.
 Women should these of all Mankind avoid,
 For Wonder by clear Knowledge is destroy'd.
 Woman who is an arrant Bird of Night,
 Bold in the Dusk before a Fool's dull Sight, }
 Should fly, when Reason brings the Glaring Light. }
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to Admire
 Himself, trusts us ; his Follies all conspire }
 To flatter his, and favour our Desire.
 Vain of his proper Merit, he with ease
 Believes we love him best, who best can please :

On him our common gross dull Flatteries pass,
 Ever most Joyful when most made an Ass:
 Heavy to apprehend; tho' all Mankind
 Perceive us false, the Fopp concern'd is blind;
 Who doting on himself——
 Thinks every one that sees him of his Mind.
 These are true Womens-men: —Here forc'd to cease
 For want of Breath, not Will, to hold her peace:
 She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd,
 Her much esteem'd dear Friend, the Monkey ty'd:
 With forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,
 As ift had been the Lady of the House,
 The dirty chattering Monster she imbrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender Speech at last:
 "Kiss me thou Curious Miniture of Man,
 "How odd thou art, how pretty, how Japan!
 "O! I could live and die with thee. —Then on
 For half an Hour in Complement she run.
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the World she sent;
 So very wise, yet so impertinent:
 One who knew every thing, who 'twas thought fit
 Should be a Fool through Choice, not want of Wit:
 Whose Foppery, without the help of Sence,
 Could ne'r have rise to such an Excellence.
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
 As a Philosopher; the very top
 And Dignity of Folly we attain;
 By curious search and labour of the Brain;
 By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat,
 We owe that Name to Industry and Arts,
 An Eminent Fool must be a Fool of Parts:
 And such an one was she, who had turn'd o're
 As many Books as Men, lov'd much, read more;
 Had a discerning Wit; to her was known
 Every one's Fault and Merit, but her own:
 All the good Qualities that ever bless't
 A Woman so distinguisht from the rest,
 Except Discretion onely, she possess't.
 And now *Monsieur* dear Pugg, she cries adieu,
 And the Discourse broke off, does thus renew:
 "You Smile too see me, whom the World perchance
 Mistakes to have some Wit; so far advance
 The Interest of Fools, that I approve
 Their Merit more than Men's of Wit, in love.

But

But in our Sex too many Proofs there are,
 Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair.
 This in my time was so receiv'd a Rule,
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool;
 The meanest common Slut, who long was grown
 The Jest and Scorn of every Pit Buffoon,
 Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
 Some Fopp or other fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an Irish Lord a Nokes,
 And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.
 A Woman's nere so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd on her Undoer Man:
 How lost so ere, she'll find some Lover more
 A lewd abandon'd Fool, then she's a Whore.
 That wretched Thing *Corinna*, who had run
 Through all the several Wayes of being undone.
 Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
 By turning the too dear bought Trick on Men:
 Gay were the Hours, and Wing'd with Joy they flew,
 When first the Town her early Beauty knew:
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,
 Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed;
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel thought it fit
 To make her dote upon a Man of Wit;
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day,
 Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away.
 Now scorn'd by all, forsaken and oppress'd,
 She's a *Memento mori* to the Rest:
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown,
 Must Mortgage her long Scarff, and Manto Gown.
 Poor Creature! who unheard of, as a Flie
 In some dark Hole must all the Winter lie:
 And Want, and Dirt endure a whole half Year,
 That for one Month She Tawdry may appear.
 In *Easter Term* She gets her a new Gown,
 When my young Masters Worship comes to Town:
 From *Pedagog* and Mother just set free,
 The Heir and Hopes of a great Family;
 Who with strong Ale and Beef the Country Rules,
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools:
 And now with careful Prospect to maintain
 This Character, lest crossing of the Strain
 Should mend the Booby-breed, his Friends provide
 A Cousin of his own for his fair Bride.
 And thus set out—————
 With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcombs life:

Dung-hill and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.
 Nothing sutes worse with Vice, than want of Sense,
 Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.
 This o'r grown School-Boy lost *Corinna* wins,
 And at first dash, to make an Ass begins:
 " Pretends to like a Man who has not known
 " The Vanities nor Vices of the Town.
 " Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
 " Eager of Joys, which he does seldom prove:
 " Healthful and Strong, he does no Pains indure,
 " But what the Fair One he adores can cure.
 " Grateful for Favours, does the Sex esteem,
 " And Libels none for being kind to him:
 " Then of the Lewdness of the Town complains,
 " Rails at the Wits and Atheists, and maintains
 " 'Tis better than good Sense, than Power, than Wealth,
 " To have alone untainted Youth, and Health.
 The unbred Puppy, who had never seen
 A Creature look so Gay, or talk so Fine,
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
 Mortgages all, even to the Ancient Seat:
 To buy his Mistress a new House for Life,
 To give her Plate and Jewels, robs his Wife;
 And when to th' height of Fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's Her own.
 Thus meeting in her Common Arms his Fate,
 He leaves her Bastard-Heir to his Estate:
 And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
 His own dull lawful Progeny he starves.
 Nature who never made a thing in vain,
 But do's each Insect for some end ordain;
 Wisely contriv'd kind-keeping Fools no doubt,
 To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.
 Thus she ran on two Hours, some Grains of Sense,
 Mixt with whole Volleys of Impertinence.
 But now 'tis time I should some pitty show
 To *Cloe*, since I cannot choose but know
 Readers must Reap the Dulness Writers Sow. }
 By the next Post such Stories I will tell,
 As joyn'd with these, shall to a Volume swell:
 As True as Heaven, more Infamous than Hell;
 But now you're tyr'd, and so am I. Farewell.

FINIS.